



THE
Triumph of Peace.
A
MASQUE.



[Price Six-Pence.]

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THE
TRIUMPH of PEACE,
A
MASQUE.

Perform'd at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

On Occasion of the
GENERAL PEACE,

Concluded at *Aix la Chapelle*, October 7th, 1748.

Written by R. DODSLEY. *K*

Set to Musick by Mr. ARNE.



LONDON:

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and sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row.

M DCC XLIX.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE

BY

THE ALLEGORICAL PERSONS.

MEN.

WAR,
POWER,
AMBITION,
CONTENTION,

WOMEN.

PEACE,
JUSTICE,
LIBERTY,
COMMERCE,
SCIENCE.

SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES.

DAMON,
THERSIS,
STREPHON,

CLOE,
DELIA.



1911



THE
TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

SCENE, *a Field of Battle.*

Enter the God of War, attended by Power, Ambition,
and Contention.

W A R.

GIVE me your Hands, ye noblest Friends
of War,
Ye choicest Comrades of our glorious
Deeds!
First Thou, our chief, bold enterprizing Power;
Thou next, Ambition, brave aspiring Spirit;

And

And Thou, *Contention*, foremost in our Cause :
 Come, while the glowing Battles rage around,
 And *Europe* is the Field of Blood and Death ;
 Come, bent on Action, let us issue forth,
 And with united Efforts shake the World.

[*The Sound of warlike Instruments is heard at a Distance.*]

Hark how the martial Sounds of Drums and Fifes
 Float in the Air, and raise the Spirit of Man
 To noble Deeds ! Whate'er is great or brave
 In human Breasts, is in the Field call'd forth
 To Action ; Men are seen : their Powers are known,
 And bold Achievements win their due Reward.

POWER.

O glorious *War* ! by thy decisive Sword
 The *Rights*, th' important *Rights* of Kings and States
 And Empires are determin'd. Thy Right Hand
 Cancels the wrangling Arguments of Law,
 Or slow-pac'd Reason ; and the high Debate
 Reduces to short Issue. While in *PEACE* —

AMBITION.

Peace ! name not *Peace*, that Child of Cowardice,
 Whom Fools alone, or silken Slaves admire !
 Wanton, corrupt, luxurious are her Paths ;

And

And *War*, entrusted with the Scourge of Heaven,
Walks forth to punish her flagitious Crimes.

W A R.

Come on then, to the Field let us repair,
The martial Field, where Victory flies to crown
The Well-deserving with immortal Wreaths
Of Glory, won from the dread Brow of Danger.

S O N G.

To Arms ! to Arms ! bark, bark, the Trumpet sounds !
While every Breast with high Emotion glows ;
The Soldier's Heart with martial Transport bounds,
And Courage leads him thro' an Host of Foes.

Now, now they engage,

While Madness and Rage

And Slaughter walk wildly around :

Ah ! now they fly

While to the Sky

The Victor's Shouts resound. [Exeunt.

A Pyrric Dance.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Grove.

Enter CLOE and DELIA.

CLOE.

O my fair Friend, since to this sacred Grove,
Our last Retreat, the boisterous Hand of War
Has driven us forth, and chang'd our sumptuous Robes
To Shepherd's Weeds ; here let us stay, and like
Sad Israel's Daughters on Euphrates' Bank,
Think on past Times, and weep our present Woes.

SONG.

When will War and Tumult cease ?

When the jarring World have Peace ?

While Ambition, bold and blind,

Leagu'd with Discord sways Mankind ;

While for Rule, and not for Right,

Kings contend, and Nations fight :

How should War and Tumult cease ?

How the jarring World have Peace ?

SCENE

DELIA.

DELIA.

Alas, the frightened Maid, fair *Peace*, is fled ;
 And *War* spreads round his Terrors. Hark, loud Shouts,
 [Drums, Trumpets and Shouting at a Distance.
 Wild Uproar and Confusion rend the Heavens !
 The madding Hosts engage.—Ev'n while I speak,
 Troops of brave Men are snatch'd by *War*'s fell Hand,
 And dash'd upon the Earth in slaughter'd Heaps.

SONG.

Hark ! I bear the Mother's Cries,

For her Child untimely slain ;

See, she lifts her streaming Eyes,

And her Bosom beats, in vain.

There, the pale distracted Wife

Kneeling by her Husband, see ;

Why, she cries, was thy dear Life

Torn from my poor Babes and me ?

Brothers weep for Brothers lost ;

Orphans their dead Fathers moan :

These are Deeds that WAR can boast,

These are Triumphs all his own.

Enter Damon and Thirls.

DIAMON.

Cease your Complaints, my fair Associates, cease ;
And let Despair give place to white-wing'd Hope.
Methinks I hear from every joyful Tongue
The Name of PEACE ! On the sweet Sound they dwell
With Rapture : every Eye seems pleas'd, and Joy,
The Smile of Joy enlivens every Face.

THESSIS.

SONG.

The Heroes preparing to finish the War,
And bid to the Camp an Adieu ;
Now sheath up their Swords, and rejoice, O ye Fair,
To think of returning to you.
With Smiles then, dear Lasses, embellish your Charms,
Your Lovers with Rapture will come ;
O take the brave Fellows close into your Arms,
And tenderly welcome them Home.

Enter

Enter STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Rejoice, my dear Companions, the great Work,
 The Object of our Wishes, is accomplish'd.
 War's discontented Follower, pale-ey'd Want,
 In Vengeance for the Miseries he hath felt,
 And to obtain fair Plenty's favouring Smile,
 Th' Enjoyment of whose Charms he long had soughht,
 Hath bound the Tyrant, with his Iron Hand,
 In Chains, and leads him to the Fane of Peace :
 Haste, let us follow, and partake the Triumph.

A D U E T.

With new Pleasure now we'll rove,
 Dancing, singing, through the Grove ;
 Echo, pleas'd to bear our Song,
 Shall each warbling Note prolong.

[A rural Dance of Hay-Makers, Reapers,
 Gardeners, &c.

[Exeunt.

At

At the Conclusion of this Scene, the Musick changes to a soft Symphony of Flutes, and the Goddess of PEACE descends in a triumphal Car borne upon the Clouds, which breaking, she is discover'd in her Temple, attended by Justice, Liberty, Commerce and Science. War with his Hands fetter'd, stands in a dejected Posture before her; Power, Ambition and Contention attending.

Re-enter the Shepherds and Shepherdeses.

STREPHON.

Hail, loveliest Goddess, fairest of the Train
Celestial, who preside o'er Human Life!
Hail to the smiling View of happier Times
From thy benignant Influence arising?
Th' ingenious Artizan, the labouring Farmer,
The Tradesman, Merchant, all, with Hearts united,
Rejoice, fair PEACE, and hail thy dear Return.
The Sons of Learning too, whose Breasts the Love
Of Arts and useful Science warms, exult
With higher Joy, and hope the golden Days
Are now returning that shall prompt the Spirit
Of Power and Greatness, with a liberal Hand,
To cherish and reward their noblest Toils.

S O N G.

SONG

Banish'd to some less happy Shore,
 The Drum's harsh Sound, the Cannon's roar,
 Shall thunder far from Home;
 The Soldier, freed from War's Alarms,
 Shall rest his consecrated Arms
 In Honour's sacred Dome.

The Arts and Muses now shall smile,
 And in fair Freedom's favourite Isle
 Shall fix their envy'd Seat;
 The Stone shall breathe, the Canvas glow,
 And public Works arise, to show
 That Britain still is great.

PEACE.

PEACE.

Immortal Powers !

To you her Thanks let grateful *Europe* pay,
 For this desir'd Event ! O Tyrant *War* !
 Why, aided by the Hand of *Violence*,
 And push'd by wild *Ambition*, dost thou thus
 Embroil the Nations, and with Fire and *Sword*,
 Sack and depopulate their crowded Cities ?
 O rather learn, at least when *Britain* calls
 For thy Assistance, learn, the sacred Lives
 Of Men, their Laws and Properties, to guard ;
 And lift the righteous *Sword* in their Defence :
 So shall the wild Aspirings of *Ambition*
 Be taught just Aims ; and the strong Hand of *Power*
 Shall act in concert with fair *Liberty*.
 But Thou, *Contention*, base Incendiary,
 Whose *Machinations* fire the secret Sparks
 Which kindle all these Tumults and Confusions,
 Be Thou hence banish'd to th' infernal Shades
 Which gave thee Birth : So shall this happy Isle
 Long flourish, long enjoy the Smiles of *PEACE*.

DAMON.

To the Just, and to the Brave,
 To the Land that scorns a Slave,
 May this Prayer propitious be,
 Give us *Peace*, and keep us *free*.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

On Peace and Freedom, Arts and Commerce grow ;
 From This shall Wealth, from Those shall Glory flow :
 Then let the Sons of Trade and Science raise
 The cheerful Voice of Gratitude and Praise.

[*Exeunt all but the Singers.*]

CHORUS.

Bid the merry Bells ring round ;
Light the joyous blazing Fire ;
Bid the Hautboy's lively Sound
Mirth and Jollity inspire :
Bid loyal Bumpers crown this happy Day,
And all the Sons of Freedom cry Huzza !

*The Singers retire, and the Whole concludes
 with a grand Dance.*

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F I N I S.



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Wrong country for me & I am not here that I do
a well you will not be well now. Now I will tell you
what I am to do. I am to go to the 2nd floor and I
will go to the 2nd floor and I will go to the 2nd floor
and I will go to the 2nd floor and I will go to the 2nd floor

and I will go to the 2nd floor and I will go to the 2nd floor

CHRONICLES

about this time you will be well
and you will be well and you will be well
and you will be well and you will be well

and you will be well and you will be well

I will go to the 2nd floor and I will go to the 2nd floor

and I will go to the 2nd floor and I will go to the 2nd floor

REVIEWS

